

# Between The Buried And Me, Autodidact

(Begin)

The freethinking brain can finally travel  
Take in the radio waves and stew up that imagination

I worry too much

Boredom gets to me

Pussy

Yes they call me this

The masters of the ocean churn down in my mind

Calling me only what I feel at times

I just want to be loved and liked by everyone

Shining down on my every move

Impossible thoughts

Stay on this cruise

Never go back

Relaxation calms these metal nerves

Need to just let go and become a giant

Forcing the improvement of our musical system

One can't do such

Especially with such lack of confidence

Maybe they will see it

Maybe they will frown upon this face

Time

I keep drifting away

I look forward to these days physically

But mentally they become very tiring

Why worry

Personal happiness should be all that matters

(I feel the most of the time)

Days like today

Mordecai flies down on this ship

and stares me in the eyes

(every time, can't change)

Maybe I should just be this bedroom performer

I keep hearing of

No pressure, no boundaries

Only personal pleasing

Coward

Yes I call myself this

Control

Control me

Sit back now

Piss it all away

Loser losing lost

(scene)